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My Text Recollections

and Autobiography

By A. J. Hankins



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Fifty Years' Recollections

Dedicated to

My Beloved Wife and Children

Paul and Selma

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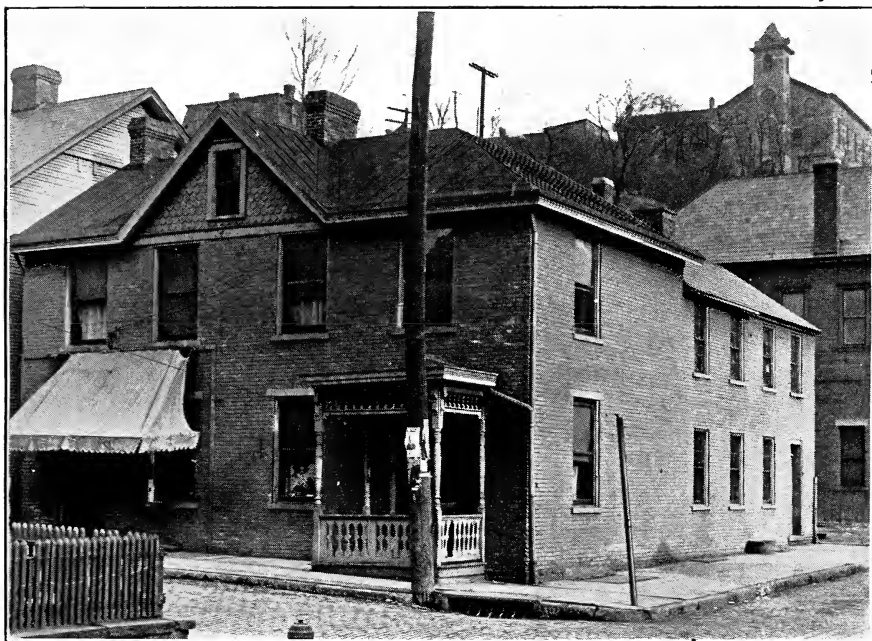
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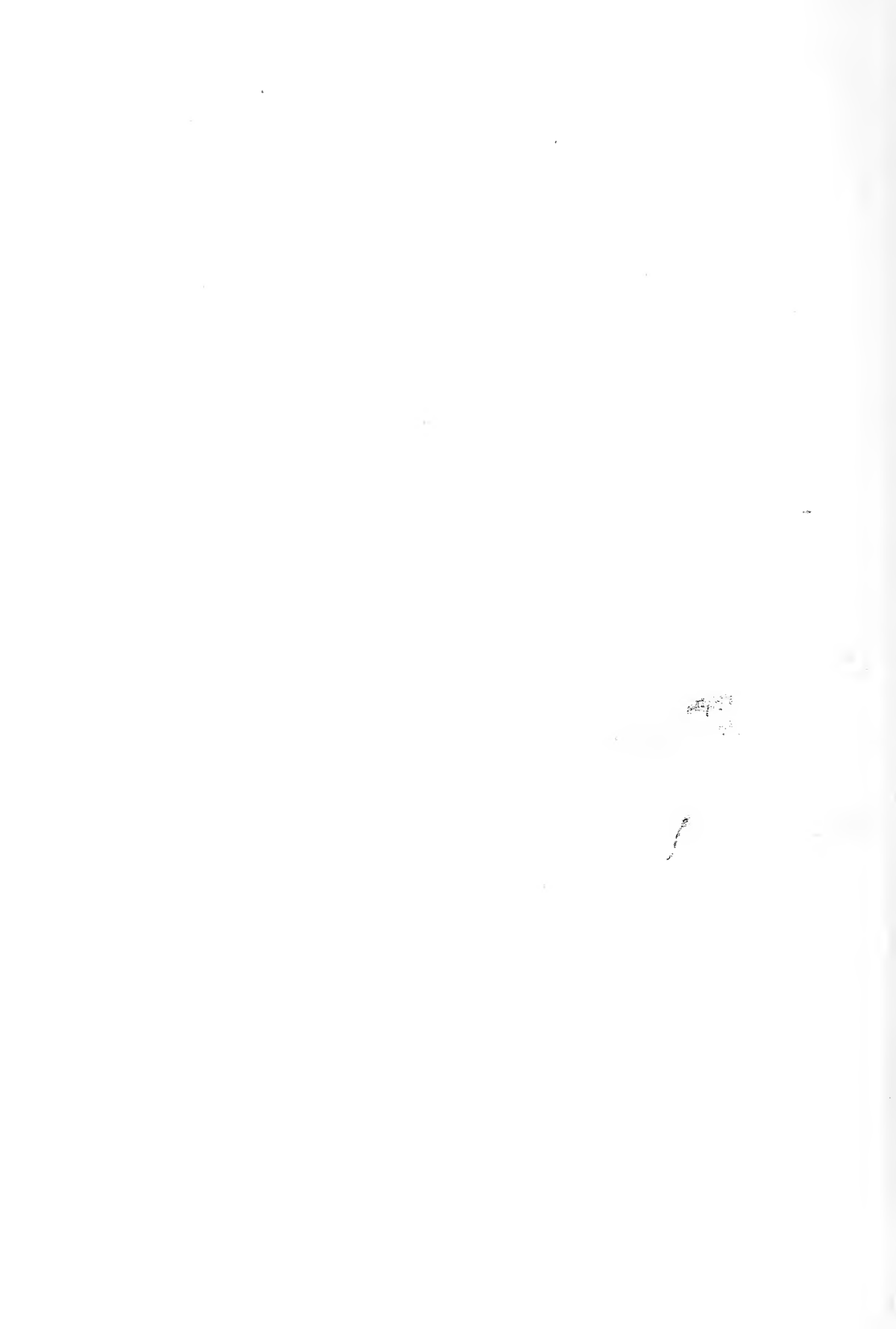
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BIRTHPLACE



SEPTEMBER 1868





A. I. Faulkner

OCTOBER, 1919



Fifty Years' Recollections

An Autobiography

CHAPTER I

I was born at Fayette City (then "Cookstown"), Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, October 11th, 1864, at 7:00 P. M., in a two story brick house located on the corner of Main and Graham Streets.

Fayette City, or Cookstown, owing to the great predominance of Southern sympathizers residing there at that period, which marked the closing scenes of the great rebellion, was called "Little Richmond."

Loyal hearts were few. The terms "Abolitionist" and "Lincolnite" were applied with hatred to the few loyal unionists who were brave enough to express their endorsement of the policies of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, and the perpetuation of the union.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the day above mentioned, a loyal, dyed-in-the-wool republican citizen met a life long friend on Main Street and proudly said to him, "There is another abolitionist down at our house, but he arrived just one hour too late to vote for Lincoln." That loyal republican was my father, and the abolitionist referred to was myself. In honor of the event, and of the great man who was on that day elected for the second time as President of the United States, I was christened Arthur Abraham Lincoln Faulkner.

In spite of the lengthy appellation, and the ills and accidents incident to life's early advancement, I grew into a curly haired child, my mother's joy, my father's pride and, being the youngest of ten children, the household pet. That fact must not be regarded as intended in extenuation of any future follies or misdeeds which may become a part of this story, as I shall attempt to truthfully depict the most important occurrences in my life without regard to fear of criticism or hope of commendation.

My father, William Henry Faulkner, and my mother, Mariah Ann Faulkner, were married at Brownsville, Pa., December 28, 1835, by the Rev. Arthur Palmer. I might here fittingly add that my given name, Arthur, was in honor of the above-named officiating minister, also that when I was about ten years old I elected to dispense with the name "Abraham."

Seven boys and three girls were born to my parents. Two of my brothers, Thomas and John, I never saw, they having died before my birth.

At the age of three years and nine months occurred the first of my mishaps, which, in fact, is my earliest recollection. At this time we had removed from the house in which I was born to a house on Back (now 4th) Street, near the public school building. The house being built on a hillside, the front was considerably elevated from the street level and the lawn, or front yard, where were located large flower mounds, ended abruptly at the stone wall which ascended from the pavement twelve feet below. One day I was playing hide and seek with our favorite cat, which, in trying to escape my persistent efforts to separate her from her caudal appendage, suddenly started down the wall, while I, being utterly ignorant of the law of gravity, and the frailty of free atmosphere, held on to the cat's tail, overbalanced in the act and crashed headlong through twelve feet of nothing to a coal pile below. I was badly injured about the head and for a time my life was despaired of. Later I have a recollection of Dr. Gordon visiting our house for the purpose of lancing my head, which was much swollen by a watery substance which had accumulated around the scalp—not on the brain. On this occasion I saw the doctor first and secreted myself under a gooseberry bush until, failing to find me, he departed and the operation was never performed—which may account for my recovery then.

My next recollection is of my first attempt to appear manly by the use of lusty swear words, learned on one of my juvenile rounds. My mother happened to hear the outburst of profane eloquence, whereupon I was promptly taken to task in a manner quite as effective as nasty. My mother proceeded to scrub out my mouth with a mixture of tooth brush and soap during which she volunteered the cheering information that similar offenses would meet with like punishment. The soap suds and tooth brush scored a victory; the offense was never repeated.

About the year 1868 my parents moved to Brownsville, Pa. I can recall but few occurrences there, one of which I distinctly remember, as follows: One summer afternoon, boy like, I had wandered—or slipped—down to the Monongahela River where some boat builders were siding a coal boat, then nearing completion. In some way, unknown except to venturous youngsters of about my size and age, I succeeded in perching my five years of accumulated ambition upon the highest part of the coal boat, ten feet from the water line and considerably more from the shore. Looking around for more worlds to conquer, I espied a bee upon a large block of wood, groggily essaying to navigate

the water beneath me. I desired to see if the bee could swim, so procuring a thick stick of pine wood used by the workmen for measuring lumber, I proceeded to upset the block with the pole. I succeeded, but unfortunately both the pole and the block slipped and I enjoyed my first experience in high diving. The next thing that I remember, I was in bed at home where I had been carried by the men who had heard the splash and rescued me from drowning by fishing me out from under the bottom of the coal boat. I never knew what became of that bee.

The serious, almost fatal illness of my mother, during our residence in Brownsville was most vividly impressed upon my memory.

I also have a dim recollection of my sister Annie's wedding to Mr. W. L. Skinner, at Brownsville, Pa. At that time I conceived the idea that there must be something in common between a wedding and a funeral because everybody wanted to cry at both.

At about this age a host of trivial happenings fastened themselves upon my impressionable young mind. I recall my first pair of knee breeches; how I tore a large sized hole in the seat in an unsuccessful attempt to slide down an inclined board punctured with the proverbial protruding nail, and my mother's natural exclamation, "There, you have ruined your new pants." I was very much distressed, because I thought they were about the finest pair in the world. Later I remember my elation over my first pair of boots, red topped and copper toed, the pride of all my possessions and the envy of my less fortunate playmates; and also how manly and self satisfied I felt when I enjoyed the boyish rapture of possessing my first pair of suspenders, ("galluses") and later the surging pride that entered my life when I donned my first pair of long pants.

I have a dim recollection of the day we moved from Brownsville to Bellevernon, Pa.; I think this was in the fall of 1869. I can remember that we left the former place on one of the river boats just after dark and, as I now recall it, it seemed that I was making my first venture out into the mysterious, unknown world. The moaning of the wind, the swishing of the water, combined with the hissing steam and the glare of the lights aroused all the imaginative "Indian" in me. I was going somewhere! To me at that time "down the river" meant an exploration in a new world, where mystery abounded, where danger, even death, stalked. But I was unafraid; unbounded faith in the protection of my father and mother filled me with confidence that nothing wrong could happen to me.

Looking backward fifty years, I cannot help but dwell a moment upon the great changes in material things since that night of my first real, conscious adventure into the unknown. The unde-

niable, everlasting law of change has indelibly stamped the intervening years with the impress of the ravage of time. The development and progress of life, its sorrows and joys, hopes and cares, failures and successes, flash through my mind in panoramic array. Do I realize the importance of life? Am I lost in wonder as to what it all means? Where do we come from? Why are we here? Where do we go? As the story of each life is written, will the future be revealed? Shall we live again? Shall we cease to exist, or shall we simply continue to live, and live forever? Do the acts of human beings here gain for them eternal life, or the punishment of everlasting death, according as they may be of good or evil? If perfection in this life is necessary to attain eternal life, how many will be saved? If imperfection, sin, shall doom us to everlasting death, how many will be lost?

Looking toward the great unknown, I again feel that, "I am going somewhere" and that upon this long journey, as in my first venture down the old Monongahela river into the unknown world, I place my faith, not in myself, not in my father and mother as in my infancy, but in God, through Jesus Christ his son, our Saviour.

The foundation of this faith, upon which I base my belief of eternal life, is found in the Bible, the Book of books, the chart of life.

(1) "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3. 16.

(2) "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: were it not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14. 1-2-3.

(3) "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."—John 11. 25-26.

My faith is simple, yet most abiding, in God the Creator, and ruler over all things; in Jesus Christ his Son, sent by God into the world for the redemption of humanity through repentance unto God; the remission of sins; the resurrection; the life eternal.

Immortality

When the summons from the Master
Sounds upon my waiting ears,
Calling me from fields of labor
Where I've toiled for many years,
Who will be the first to greet me,
Of the loved ones gone before,
When I stand, through Christ's redemption,
On God's great eternal shore?

Will it be the sainted mother,
With her wealth of love untold,
Or the dear old faithful father,
With his character of gold?
Will it be the helpful brother,
Who has reached the promised goal,
Or the cherished playmate sister—
Childhood's twin mate of my soul?

Rest, my weary brain, nor ponder
O'er what will or will not be!
Peace, my trusting soul, be patient,
Eons of joy are promised thee.
Love and faith in our Redeemer
Brings the hope that we shall be
With our loved ones, in God's kingdom
Throughout all eternity.

CHAPTER II

My schooling began at Bellevernon, in the old brick school house on the hill. Many indistinct recollections of my early schooldays crowd upon my memory, experiences that would perhaps be uninteresting, save one, the setting on fire of the school house by two of the scholars. I promptly sounded the alarm and the fire was extinguished with but little damage, and the six-year-old "hero" was much embarrassed by the praise bestowed upon him.

In 1871 my paternal grandmother, Catherine Faulkner, who had made her home with us, died at Bellevernon, Pa., at the ripe old age of eighty-four. The services were conducted from the home of my sister, Mrs. Kate F. Porter, the interment occurring at Brownsville, Pa. This was the first visit of the "grim monster" in our family since my birth. I remember the appearance of the dear old, white haired, Christian grandmother in life, and I remember when I was held up over her casket to kiss her a last goodbye. I tried to kiss her, but could not reach far enough down in the casket. I believe no one but myself ever knew that. Grandmother Faulkner was the only one of my grandparents that I ever saw. Grandfather Faulkner and Grandmother Dunlap both died before I was born.

On the seventeenth day of June, 1872, we moved from Bellevernon to a small truck and fruit farm of eight acres, situated at what was then called "Frogtown," now Naomi, Pa., on the eastern shore of the Monongahela River, two miles above Bellevernon and one mile below Fayette City, the place of my birth. It was there that I received the early training that was destined to mold my character and shape my course through life, and toward the life eternal. It was there that the Christian faith, teachings, and influence of my sainted parents instilled into my heart a lasting impression of their faith in Jesus Christ and the life to come; faith unshaken by the storms of life, intensified as the years rolled by, glorified to them at life's close by gracious evidence of salvation to the uttermost through Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

From June 17th, 1872, until I left the old home, December 24th, 1885, were centered all the joys of my youth and budding manhood. To describe that period in detail would be quite impossible. It was the heyday of my existence, with all its juvenile joys, boyish pranks, hopes and dreams, without a single sorrow (except the death of my brother, Samuel D. Faulkner, in Allegheny City, Pa.), to mar the springtime of

my life, until there came a fateful day, to which I will later refer, which suddenly brought me face to face with the stern reality and uncertainty of life.

My brother Samuel, referred to above, was run over by a horse street car in Allegheny City, Pa., in October, 1879, dying at his home there two days later from the injuries received. He was interred at Bellevernon, Pa.

I had seen but little of him, as he had married and left home before I was born, but I remember him as an intelligent, good looking man, full of sunshine and good nature that endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. He was forty-one years of age at the time of his death. He left a widow, one son and two daughters, as well as the old family at home, to mourn his sudden demise. He was my eldest brother. I can see my dear old mother yet as she leaned over the porch banister, upon receipt of the sad tidings of his fatal injury, and poured out her great grief for the loss of her first born son, her "Sammie."

I attended the Tremont School, which was located just across the highway from our home. The building was a one-story frame structure. It was one of two schools which accommodated the scholars of the sparsely settled district of Washington township, the other one, located about two miles countryward, was attended by country scholars, while our school was composed principally of coal miners' children. The school room was in size about forty by sixty feet and contained four rows of brown painted, pine wood desks and seats, each seat accommodating two, and sometimes three, scholars. The front desks accommodated the little six year olds, and from that size gradually ranged larger until at the rear desks were seated the largest scholars, some of them twenty years old.

In that room for six years, five months each year, I studied spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography; the other seven months I worked on our little farm, assisting my father from tree trimming time in the spring until the last shock of corn was shucked late in the fall. I was an apt scholar on the farm as well as at school—strong, active and tireless.

In that school room I advanced from the front row to the envied big desk in the back row, and was one of the most advanced male scholars in the room at the time I "graduated" by voluntarily leaving the school for good, as mentioned elsewhere in this narrative. Years afterward an old factory phrase, "When the egg knows more than the hen, what is the use of setting it," seemed to have exactly fitted my case in this instance.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—because of it being little.

In those years I became proficient in all kinds of farm work, growing garden truck, raising hogs and chickens, the care of horses, cows, and other domestic animals, excelling, perhaps, in riding and driving horses. I also learned to mine coal and to drive "Kicky" mules in the coal mine near our home. This work I did from choice, out of pure love of adventure and the satisfaction of demonstrating my earning power, which I first exemplified as a pit wagon oiler, or "greaser," at twenty-five cents per day. My first pay envelope consisted of \$4.25, accepted in the form of a store order upon a company "pluck me" store. I spent the greater portion of it for a Christmas present for my sister Mary.

At odd hours, when not engaged at work of some kind, I hunted, fished, swam, boated, sledged, skated, boxed, played baseball, rode and drove horses, performed on the trapeze and horizontal bar—in short, I was a free-from-care country boy, an all around country athlete, with a good knowledge of all that went to make me a companionable fellow among the boys, and oft-times the leader in such boyish doings as were dear to the hearts, and are to this day fondly cherished in the memories of all wide awake, red blooded, country bred good fellows.

I was not a fighter, but in the manner of the time of settling misunderstandings and questions of juvenile superiority, I never "took the count," although on one occasion, it must be recorded, I fought a draw by virtue of a good set of legs and a level road leading homeward; a scared boy in the lead at the finish, a badly beaten up boy with a big club a good second. The argument was renewed the next day, without the club, and I was returned the winner without a scratch.

I could write volumes in connection with my boyhood experiences, pleasures, hopes, mishaps and, to be strictly confiding—my misdeeds. But as this narrative is intended more as a history than a confession, I may be pardoned if I refrain from detailing the latter. Suffice it to say that I was not wild, ungovernable or lazy. I was always ready to do my part at work or sport, although I preferred the latter. Boy like, I sometimes took long chances of inciting paternal displeasure, when there was work to be done, to participate in a game of baseball, a fishing scrape, a hunting jaunt or a swimming match. On two occasions I came in forceful contact with my father's just manner of enforcing discipline, and on one other occasion I received the wrong end of a decision in an argument with my school teacher over a small infraction of the rules which, it must be said, in justice to myself, I had unfortunately misinterpreted. These misplays taught me to memorize the rules of a game, weigh the probability of detected violation and the character of the penalty, after which I got along without further humiliation.

Evening on the Farm

The summer sun has sunk to rest,
The dove has fittied to her nest;

'Tis evening.

The firefly gyrates through the air,
Shows fitful flashes here and there,
Just comes and goes, nor seems to care
Who watch his lazy movements there;

'Tis evening.

The cricket chirps beneath the door,
The Whip-poor-will sings out her lore;

'Tis evening.

The faithful watch dog sniffs around,
His trusty nose close to the ground
Where scent of prowlers might abound—
Seems satisfied when none is found;

'Tis evening.

The lambs are housed within the fold,
The chicks are safe from Reynard, bold;

'Tis evening.

The horses to their stalls are led,
The chores are done, the stock is fed,
The cows are milked and gone to bed,
And all is quiet in the shed;

'Tis evening.

The birds have closed their sleepy eyes,
The owl looks forth in mild surprise!

'Tis evening.

The twilight beats a quick retreat,
And shadows lurk around our feet
O'er nodding blooms of flowers sweet,
As daylight and the darkness meet;

'Tis evening.

The stars shine dimly overhead—
The ev'ning prayers, good nights, are said:

'Tis evening.

A June time moon adorns the sky
To light the darkness drawing nigh.
And o'er the scene a love-lit eye
Is safely guarding from on high;

'Tis evening

Hearts Atune

(Dedicated to my life-long friend, Frank M. Dinsmore, whom I still cherish with the pure affection of youth matured by the passing years, grown golden as the twilight of life enriches me with a flood of tender memories of our happy boyhood days together.)

Oft-times I wish that I might go
Along the paths I used to know;
That I might amble in and out,
And view the old nooks thereabout,
Where two small tads were wont to roam
Along the paths which led to home—
And sometimes ran in other ways,
Of which we dare not boast these days.

That's just what I would love to do—
Go back there to the chum I knew,
Shake his good old right hand and say,
"Come let us run along and play
A game of scrub, if we can find
Enough kids in that frame of mind,
Or maybe, if it's all the same,
We might frame up a reg'lar game."

Then we might loll 'round in the shade
The locust trees in the pasture made
And watch the men play seven up,
Or get the dogs, Old Guess and Pup,
Old Top and Greely, Shep and Don,
Up on the hill where paths lead on
To haunts where rabbits might be found,
And chase them seven miles around.

Or we might tramp the old coal road
Where many friends of youth abode
In the old days—just you and I—
Some happy day 'neath sunlit sky,
Or have together one more swim,
And strike out with the old time vim—
That's what I'd love to do today,
Above all else—just go and play.

Could we but hike that road once more,
Along Monongahela's shore,
Romp through the meadows, jump the rills
And climb old Pennsylvania's hills,
Loll in every well known nook,
Wade out into each old time brook—
And all the old time stunts we'd try—
Then you'd be glad, and so would I.

We'd throw a line where catfish bite
And maybe hunt for frogs at night.
Or better still, we'd go and see
Our boyhood sweethearts, you and me.
Oh, could we but once more enjoy
The old time dances. Come on, Boy!
And maybe see a scrap or two—
But never, tad, 'twixt me and you.

Or we might stroll along the ways
Where love once led. Oh! happy days!
When hearts were young and guileless, too.
And all the world was shining through
Half drooping eyes, whose flashes told
Their secret of the story old,
While hearts beat fast—we wandered on
Along love's paths, in days ago.

But times have changed and we've changed, too,
We can't do as we used to do.
We have our burdens and our cares
Which creep upon us unawares.
Yet oft-times when the shadows fall
I dream of days beyond recall,
And comfort take to feel, old friend,
You're still my chum until the end.

Now ponder well, a story's here,
Half hidden in these words of cheer;
A story of one heart is told
In homely phrase—like days of old.
For underneath the fun and rhyme
A heart speaks of the olden time,
As hearts can speak, in word and sign,
To hearts atune, old friend of mine.

CHAPTER III

In July, 1878, my brother Robert was married at Bellevernon, Pa., to Miss Anna L. Krepps. They began housekeeping there.

In December, 1880, my brother James was married at Pittsburgh, Pa., to Miss Martha Robeson. They took up their residence at our home until the following September, when they removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. This reduced our little home circle to four—father, mother, my sister Mary and myself.

Beginning September, 1881, I was absent from home in the winter months, working in Pittsburgh, Pa., but spending the summer months at home assisting my father on the little farm as usual.

Beginning the month of September, 1880, and ending December 24, 1885, it fell to my lot to be the financial mainstay of the family. Although my wages were not large during this period, we managed to live very comfortably and happily, and my great and only regret was that I was not able to do more for those I loved so dearly. During three of those five years I worked with my brother James, whose patient, kindly disposition endeared him to my heart.

September 15, 1880, I began my career as a window glass worker, at the works of R. C. Schertz and Company, Bellevernon, Pa. I began as a "snapper" for my brother William, in what was known as the second, D. S. place, at \$9.00 per week. In 1881 I was regularly apprenticed, under the laws of Local Assembly No. 300, Knights of Labor, to learn the art of window glass gathering. My first Master Workman was Robert Buckhannon, but I was later transferred to Andrew J. Leafgreen, under whom I finished my trade at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1882.

In May, 1881, my brother William left Bellevernon to work at Pittsburgh for A. and D. H. Chambers Co., taking me with him. Then began my first city experience and boarding house education. Thereafter the word home to me was to mean largely the place where all my affections were centered around the loved ones there, and I had only the occasional enjoyment of their sweet companionship and society. The happy boyhood period of my life had passed; I was thereafter to assume life's burden of responsibility and care. Life was to be what I made it, and not what others had made it for me. The years to follow were to be as silent witnesses of things achieved or unaccomplished. Failure or success was to be truthfully chronicled by the hand of time.

But I was not a free lance; I had duties to perform in the way of caring for others, father, mother and sister Mary, which I tried to do to the best of my ability and understanding.

In the summer of 1885, that fateful year, my sister Mary, my lifelong playmate, companion and chum, was married at Fayette City, Pa., to Joseph E. Downer of Allenport, Pa. They took up their residence at our home, remaining there until the home was broken up in the following December by the death of our dear mother.

Through all these years of my youth, my boon companion, friend and helper was my sister Mary, who was four years my senior, my playmate and childhood chum. From my earliest recollection she loved me as it falls to the lot of few to be blessed with such adoring, unselfish sister love. I was her "Brother Jonathan" (her pet name), and in her eyes, until God called her, I stood for all that was manly and true, her baby brother and her friend; and to me my sister "Mame," as I always called her, was, next to my mother, the one who was closest to my heart. No more loyal heart than hers will ever grace the blessed sanctity of God's loveland. I dearly adored my playmate sister and while life shall last her memory shall be enshrined and cherished in my heart. Her death brought to me a most roignant grief, and sense of earthly loss that all the future years will scarcely lessen.

My mother since my earliest recollection had not been in robust health, and as she advanced in years her physical condition became worse until in the early part of December, 1885, occurred her fatal illness. God called her home December 21st, 1885, at 10:00 A. M. She passed away in the presence of all the immediate family, except my sister Kate who was then enroute from her home in Iowa, but who arrived too late to bid her a last earthly goodbye. My mother's last words to her youngest born were "My precious boy, if I could only take you with me." Her last words on earth, testifying to her unfaltering faith in Jesus Christ and her hallowed hope of entering the Kingdom of God, fell upon the listening ears of that little, silent, sorrowing group of her loved ones as an immortal benediction at the close of her patient, faithful, Christian life, as a symbol of heaven, a token of redeemed promise, a message from God to those who caught her joyful dying whisper "Jesus, my Saviour and my Friend."

No doubt, no fear, but a sweet "Peace that passeth all understanding," the indisputable evidence of the blessed assurance of God's promise redeemed. Since her sixteenth year she had been a follower of Christ, a member of the M. E. Church, a praying Christian. Prayer was her refuge in time of trouble, her joy in time of peace. Prayer was her life line, the cord of love and faith binding her immortal soul to the Eternal God.

Mother

"How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see"
(Mother's favorite hymn)

As the sunshine and shadows of life linger on,
Let me dream of my childhood—the dear days ago.
Let me kneel as of old at my dear mother's knee,
While the wealth of her love sweetly steals over me.

With her hand on my head all my troubles would flee,
As I lisped baby prayers that she taught to me.
Let me listen once more, as in fancy I cling
In her arms as of old, to the hymn she would sing.

Ah, the hymn that she sang, in the dear days of old,
Is entwined in my mem'ry with cordage of gold.
How her dear voice would tremble as her soul outpoured
Its belief in a rapture of praise to her Lord.

Sing that hymn, sing it low; let the sweet music flow
Through my heart in refrain to the days long ago.
Sing it softly and slow, to its measure of love,
'Till its harmony chimes with her anthem above.

Four brothers, William, James, Robert and I, in the presence of that silent, sainted form, clasped hands and pledged ourselves to each other, and by her dear memory, to strive to meet her in heaven.

We laid her to rest in the Bellevernon, Pa., cemetery on Wednesday, December 23d. On the following day I left the old home place, the scene of my boyhood days and most tender memories, returning to Pittsburgh and thence to Quaker City, Ohio, where I resumed work at my trade with my brother Robert for the Quaker City Window Glass Co. There I spent the first and only year of my life in which I experienced the loneliness of a homeless existence, and which I trust I will never again be called upon to endure. True, I had previously spent many weeks and months away from home, but always in the knowledge that my home was there, with my loved ones waiting for me. Never before had I spent a continuous period to exceed three weeks, usually one or two, away from home, and my home goings were looked forward to and enjoyed beyond power of mine to express. I loved the old home and the dear ones there. I loved my old friends. Every nook and cranny of the "Old Home Place" was in 'elibly stamped upon my memory, and within my heart were pictured faces and scenes that went to make my life at that time a happy and contented one. But, through the workings of the eternal law of change, all was suddenly changed for me. The world lost its cheering aspect when I faced it without a home; yet the good influences which had early been instilled into my being, by home ties and teachings, held fast.

Very unfortunately, as I discovered later in life, my school days ended when I was but fourteen years of age, owing to an argument between the teacher and myself as to whether I should take up the study of geometry. I won the argument by not returning to school, which was unfortunately tolerated by my parents, much to my later regret and loss. I never had another opportunity to receive schooling except in the hard school of experience, which I am still attending.

I am well satisfied that even two more years' schooling in the little old, frame school house, across the road by the side of the run, would have been of incalculable advantage to me and might have changed the whole course of my life. But for some reason the hand of fate beckoned me into fields of toil, where for many years I toiled like a galley slave, far beyond my strength of endurance, among a class of associates who in the main lived their lives differently from what my early teachings had been and for that reason were not helpful to my aspirations, or stimulating to my ideals. Here and there a bright spot shines out along the trodden pathway in the form of an old friend, who understood me and whom I understood, not many of them, but just enough to make me feel that life, with its joys, vicissitudes and trials, was always worth the living.

My Reverie

The bygone days of the yester years,
Let their shadows round me fall;
E'en through a veil of blinding tears,
I would welcome their recall.
Let me view the scenes of bygone days,
And gaze on that love-lit sea,
My soul alight with its wondrous rays,
And the promise held for me.

The happy days of my childhood years,
Let me welcome the return
Of your fairy tales and ghostly fears—
Which most all children learn.
Let me view again the old home place,
As the shadows turn to gold,
And gaze upon each dreamland face
That I loved in days of old.

The golden days of "Ye olden tymes,"
Let them pass me in review,
And fill my heart with the olden rhymes
Of the old time love so true.
Let memory bring her richest store
Of gifts, as I meditate;
The old time songs, and the old love lore
From the hidden caves of fate.

The heyday dreams of the olden days,
Let them gather from above,
The tell-tale blush and the mystic haze
Of the first faint dawn of love.
Let heart beats tell of rapture themes,
As the tide of life rolls on,
Till I lose myself in happy dreams
Of the joys of days agone.

CHAPTER IV

To regress a little, during the roller skate craze in 1884-5, which was widespread throughout the country, I learned the delightfully fatiguing art of roller skating and became quite proficient in the use of the treacherous little boxwood wheel invention, especially in the matter of speed. I became a somewhat prominent figure in racing circles, competing in races of one mile and upward, which in those days were witnessed by many thousands of people. Through roller skating I first met Miss Mollie L. Gue, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the little girl who was destined to link her fortunes with mine in the battle of life. I skated into matrimony, as it were, as follows:

On "St. Patrick's Day in the morning," 1885, while training for a race in the Mammoth Skating Rink, on Carson Street, near 22nd Street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., I approached under full speed two girls who were just ahead of me, when suddenly they went sprawling on the floor. I was very close to them and to avoid a bad collision was compelled to jump over the prostrate form of my future wife, which feat I accomplished without mishap. An introduction was later arranged through my room mate, Mr. Sebastian Klein, who enjoyed a skating acquaintance with this little lady.

On the evening of April 3, following, at the "Mammoth Rink," I saw Mr. Klein approaching me, accompanied by a most winsome little brown eyed girl. Immediately something seemed to say to me "There comes your future wife." That seemed at the time very strange to me, for reasons which need not be mentioned here. I could never account for it, but from the moment I first looked upon her face I felt deep down in my heart that we were never to separate while life lasted.

We were married on the fifty-first anniversary of my parents' wedding. December 28, 1886, at the residence of my wife's parents, Mr. Robert W. and Annie M. Gue, No. 2321 Fox Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., in the presence of the immediate family, Rev. W. L. Roberts officiating. The only invited guests were Mr. Harry C. Atherton and Miss Ella Cotton, who acted as groomsman and bridesmaid.

The hour selected was 6:00 P. M., in commemoration of the hour of my parents' marriage fifty-one years before.

On the following evening we left for Quaker City, Ohio, where we expected to make our future home, but as it proved, our residence there was only temporary, for on March 16, 1887, we returned to Pittsburgh, where I had accerted the "big ring" with Cunningham & Company. Yielding to the wishes of my wife's parents, we made our home

with them until November, 1887, when we went to housekeeping at No. 2314 Carson Street, South Side, where we were blessed with our first-born and only son. He was born July 28, 1888, at 7:30 P. M., and was christened Paul Arthur. Our cup of happiness was near to overflowing, life seemed to have opened to us in all its glorious realization of happiness and promise of fulfillment of future joy and usefulness.

We could not anticipate, neither did we fear, the trials and struggles that we were naturally destined to encounter. We were so proudly fond of our beautiful baby boy that the responsibilities of the future were dreamed of as joys yet unarrived.

In 1883, having finished my apprenticeship as a window glass gatherer, I became a member of L. A. 300, K. of L., Window Glass Workers' Association, being initiated in the Odd Fellows' Hall, 17th Street, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In 1887 I began my official career in that organization by appointment to the executive council by President James Campbell. I also became chairman of the finance committee, and during that year I was elected a member of the western wage committee, later being made secretary of that committee. I served in those official positions until January 1, 1889, when I resigned, having accepted a position at Bellevernon, Pa., where I remained until the following July. Until May 1, 1889, I had followed the trade of window glass gathering, having filled some very good places, among them several "big rings," or extra heavy places, but at that time I decided to begin blowing at Bellevernon, Pa., finishing the fire, or season, blowing a half pot with Arthur Lorigoux.

In July, I hired with James Collins, better known as "Uncle Jimmy," to blow a single strength place at Celina, Ohio, a new factory which was scheduled to begin operations September 1, 1889. I left Pittsburgh for the west, as I then termed it, August 28, but found upon my arrival at Celina that "Uncle Jimmy" had met with a fatal accident only a few days previous, and that my brother Robert, who had gone to Celina to temporarily share my place, had secured the management of the company and that I would work under him. My brother gave me every opportunity to advance, assisting me in every possible way, and to his brotherly interest and assistance at that time I owe much of my later success as a workman. In three weeks after starting I was successfully filling the second double strength place, which in those days made all the extra long narrow glass, and was earning over \$200 00 per month, which was a figure reached by only a few blowers in those days.

We moved to Celina in October, 1889, residing there very happily for two years. During our residence there my wife and I united with

the M. E. Church (1890) and Paul was baptized in the M. E. Church there, at the same time, by the Rev. Seamans.

In the month of May, 1891, I began work at Dunkirk, Ind., for the Gem Window Glass Works, removing from Celina, Ohio, to Dunkirk, Ind., the following October. I blew the second double strength place there.

On July 16, 1892, while attending the Annual Convention of Window Glass Workers, L. A. 300, K. of L., held at Turner Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., as a delegate from Dunkirk, Ind., I was stricken with appendicitis, suffering from recurring attacks which incapacitated me from following my trade for two and one-half years. This was a bad blow to me financially, and was the beginning of years of a struggle for existence against the twin monsters debt and worry, which almost ruined my future.

My brother James, who had been ill for some time, following an attack of grip, died of tuberculosis, on December 23, 1892, at Fayette City, Pa., where he had resided since disposing of the old home at Naomi.

The closing scenes of his life evidenced his increasing faith in the Lord, and his satisfied belief that his departure was but a transition from a world of care and suffering into the Kingdom of God.

One of the four brothers who had entered into the compact at the bedside of our sainted mother, "to strive to meet her in heaven," had gone to her. His was a patient, generous, noble character. I have always likened him unto Abraham Lincoln because of his kindly spirit, his absolute integrity, his sense of honor and justice, and his charity for the frailties of others.

Quiet and unassuming in speech and manner, with a helping hand to the needy, a word of cheer to the distressed, a smiling forgiveness for the offender, he was "a gentleman to the manor born." His friends were legion, his enemies few. He was laid beside his people in the Bellevue, Pa., cemetery.

July 1, 1894, at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, I underwent an operation for appendicitis. This was performed by Dr. Joseph Ranshoff, and was successful, but owing to improper nourishing, peritonitis set in and my recovery was doubtful and slow. After five weeks and three days in the hospital, I was brought home on a cot to die, but my work was not finished, the Lord had greater things for me to accomplish, I recovered, but was physically unable to resume work at my trade until November, 1894.

Through these years of illness and suffering I was attended by Dr. J. B. Garber, Dunkirk, Ind., who was my faithful friend, as well as physician, and to whose diagnosis and skill as a practitioner I have

always felt I owed my life at that time. His death in October, 1913, the result of an injury sustained in an automobile accident, brought a great sorrow to my heart. His noble character, and friendly devotion to me, endeared him to my heart and enshrined him in my memory as one having followed in His footsteps who said, "Even as you did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto me."

James Whitcomb Riley

Dear old Riley, dear old Jim,
Always thought a lot of him.
Always loved to read his rhymes
In the olden, golden times—
Long before the world took note
Of the poems that he wrote—
I just loved him for the way
He said things he had to say.

His was mind of purest gold!
And the stories that he told
Found the mark—these things he said—
Like a message from the dead;
While his tender, homely style
Gripped the heart and made it smile
With its warmth of love for him.
Dear old Riley, dear old Jim.

Angels whisper up above
Stories of his tender love
For the little children who,
Just as wee ones like to do,
Used to climb upon his knee,
Close as ever they could be,
And as sleepy eyes grew dim
Smiled and whispered, "Uncle Jim."

Grown up children loved him, too,
For the soul which ran so true
Back to childhood and the times
That he told of in his rhymes.
Nature smiled within his heart
'Till his soul became a part
Of a grand celestial hymn,
Dear old Riley, dear old Jim.

CHAPTER V

July 31, 1897, while living in what was known as the "Ruth" property on East Washington Street, Dunkirk, Ind., we were again blessed with the joy of a new baby in our home, a little daughter. She was born at 3:30 o'clock A. M., a most welcome guest, occupying a long unilled niche in our little home circle and in our waiting hearts. We now had a daughter, Paul had a sister, and our joy was unconfined in the new lease of life and happiness that embraced us. We christened her Selma, and from the day of her birth, as in the case of our first-born, we have had reason to continually thank God for the great blessing of her existence.

Paul was then nine years old, a manly, sturdy, upright little fellow, immensely proud and fond of his little sister. I might write pages of interesting history relating to their early childhood days, but suffice it to say that no wrong act of theirs ever caused us a heart-ache or a tear. This tribute is due them, and, with pardonable pride, I here tender it from a heart filled with love and devotion.

Beginning when Selma was two years old, we spent several summers at Douglas Lake, Northern Michigan, where we at that time owned a cottage, a boat and other necessities that went to make a full equipment for the enjoyment of an "Indian life" among the pines in the summer season.

Our chief purpose in these outings was to escape the annual attacks of hay fever from which both Paul and I severely suffered.

Weather permitting, we fished almost constantly and became very familiar with the habits of the elusive pickerel, or grass pike, black bass and other species of the finny tribe with which this delightful lake abounded and also quite successful in landing many of the finest specimens ever taken from those waters. Catches of four, five and six-pound pickerel were common every day occurrences. At eleven years of age Paul had caught eight and nine pounders, and at one time succeeded in landing, alone and unaided, a ten pound pickerel. My wife also became quite an adept in the art of angling, and landed many fine, large fish.

In August, 1902, I made a catch of eight pickerel, weighing fifty-eight and one-half pounds, in two and one-half hours. That was conceded to be the largest catch ever made by a single fisherman in the history of Lake Douglas. One of these monsters weighed fourteen and one-half pounds, while the four largest aggregated forty pounds;

the latter I sent to my friends at Dunkirk, Ind., some of whom had previously doubted certain fish tales emanating from Lake Douglas.

Many laughable, and some quite exciting experiences marked those enjoyable northern sojourns, and in looking back over those happy summers, I can now realize that they were the hey-days of our married life, and it was with great regret that I later yielded to the call of the window glass workers to assume official responsibilities, knowing that such would necessitate a discontinuance of these pleasurable summer outings.

Fishin' Tales

Just a wishin', and a wishin'
That we was out a fishin'—
Out a fishin' where the air
 Is soft and cool;
Just a wishin' we was fishin'
Where the water's all a swishin'—
All a swishin' round about
 The old trout pool.

Just a dreamin', and a dreamin'
That the sunlight's a streamin'—
Softly streamin' through the pines
 So tall and cool;
Just a dreamin', and a seemin'
To see the water teemin'—
All a teemin' with the fish
 In that old pool.

Just a dyin', and a dyin'
To do some tall old lyin'—
Tall old lyin' 'bout the fish
 That we have caught.
Just a lyin', without tryin',
And all the time a sighin'
For a dozen speckled beauts
 Like those we bought.

I worked at the Gem Window Glass Works from 1891 until 1900, when I left to blow the "big ring" at Wilkinson, Ind., but we did not move there. In September, 1901, I began work at the Enterprise, Dunkirk, Ind., where I remained until called to official duty as an officer of the window glass workers in 1904.

I became a member of the Knights of Pythias, Dunkirk, Ind., Lodge No. 336, in 1891. In 1892 I took my first degree in Masonry, but owing to illness and other unavoidable circumstances it was several years later, June 6th, 1900, that I became a Master Mason in that lodge, and in 1914 I admitted to Iris Lodge No. 229, Cleveland, O. In 1897 I became a member of the Modern Woodmen of America, Northcott Camp No. 3416, at Dunkirk, Ind., in 1905.

I became a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Lodge No. 275, at Dunkirk, Ind., in 1904.

In 1915 I became a member of Woodward Lodge No. 181, Cleveland, O., by taking the chapter degrees in Masonry.

I never was a member of any other secret society, except the American Mechanics, which I joined in Pittsburgh when quite a young man, but soon withdrew from membership upon learning of its bitter antagonism to a certain religious belief.

In May, 1902, I was elected a member of the city council, Dunkirk, Ind., on the Republican ticket, serving a two-year term.

The month of May, 1904, marked the closing of my career as a window glass blower. After twenty-four years on the bench, barring the years of my illness previously alluded to, I left the trade for good—as subsequent events proved.

During the greater part of this period I had taken an active part in labor matters pertaining to L. A. 300, K. of L., having served in many official capacities. I was elected Assistant Secretary of that organization in 1896, but owing to internal troubles then brewing I resigned the position and returned to work at my trade in Dunkirk, Ind.

I was a delegate to the Blowers and Gatherers' Convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1897, was elected Chairman and presided over the deliberations of that body. I had previously attended several other conventions, and had become a somewhat prominent figure in labor matters, as well as having become somewhat of an embryo politician.

In May, 1904, I was slated for the Republican nomination, which was at that time equivalent to an election, as representative of Jay County, Ind., in the State Legislature, which I declined owing to the call from the glass workers which, it was then apparent, was soon to be made upon my services.

In July, 1904, I was appointed Assistant Secretary and Reading Clerk of the glass workers convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, by the United Window Glass Workers, which at that convention was consolidated with the Window Glass Workers of America.

The organization so formed was named the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America. At that convention I was elected a member of the executive board, representing the blowers' trade. My election to that office marked the severance of my connection with the trade as a workman, and from that time until July 6, 1909, my entire time and energy was devoted to the advancement of the interests of the window glass workers.

At that time, owing to internal dissension, open rebellion, the forming of rival organizations and the general demoralization incident to the advent of window glass making machines, operated by The American Window Glass Company, the entire industry was in a turmoil bordering upon annihilation of the hand portion of that industry. This condition continued to intensify as the season of '04-05 advanced until on January 29, 1905, I was called to the Presidency of the organization, through an election by the executive board, to succeed Wm. S. Phillips, resigned, and assumed the duties of my office February 11, 1905. The action of the executive board was immediately ratified by a referendum vote of the members of the organization.

The captaincy of a disabled ship rolling upon a storm tossed sea is an unenviable position to say the least, and I felt the strain of this great responsibility more than I dared to admit, even to myself, but I also realized that someone had to do this work, and resolved that it would be done to the very best of my ability.

At the annual convention held in Chamber of Commerce Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1905, I was re-elected on the first ballot for the ensuing yearly term of office.

I moved my family to Cleveland, October 16th of that year.

At the annual convention held in Germania Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1906, I was re-elected by acclamation, the first time in the history of any window glass workers' organization that the President was honored by election without opposition. That was due in part to the fact that I had succeeded during the preceding Fall in securing an advance in wages ranging from 8% to 15% for the four trades, in the face of most discouraging conditions.

In the Fall settlement of wages in 1906 I secured an additional advance of 10%, and in the following convention held at Detroit, Mich., July, 1907, I was again re-elected on the first ballot by a decided majority.

August 28, 1906, I received a telegram announcing the sudden death of my sister, Mary, at Allenport, Pa., which had occurred the night before. This was a great shock to me. I had not been informed of her illness, and the blow seemed almost greater than I could bear. I have never fully recovered from the great grief that entered my life upon the receipt of that telegram. The loss of my childhood chum, the friend of my young manhood, who had watched with joyous pride my every advancement in life's battle, whom I had most dearly loved all the days of my life, even better than I knew, was almost beyond endurance. Even as I write, the tears unbidden flow from a heart that will always enshrine, in fondest love and reverence, the memory of her love and devotion.

She died as she had lived, a Christian, unwavering in her faith in Christ and the promise of Eternal life in His Kingdom. We laid her to rest in the Belleverson, Pa., Cemetery, close beside the loved ones who had gone before.

My father passed away at the home of my sister, Kate F. Porter, Ottumwa, Iowa, December 24, 1906, after a lingering illness, the result of his advanced age. His life was an open book. No shaft of earthly criticism or suspicion had ever touched his honor or integrity. His was an honest, fearless life, filled with a most wonderful faith in the life to come. No greater heritage left any man who ever trod the earth than was bequeathed by my father to his posterity; a record of ninety years of a spotless, upright life in the eyes of the God of our fathers. He died as he had lived, a high minded, noble man, welcoming not death, but eternal life through the divine promise "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life!"

We laid him to rest beside our mother, his life companion, and helpmeet, at Belleverson, Pa., Dec. 28, 1906, on the seventy-first anniversary of their wedding.

The following hymn was my father's favorite selection, written by an old Methodist minister. I have heard my father sing this hymn many times, but never could sing it through, myself, even to this day.

O! Hallowed Spot

(Father's favorite hymn)

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain;
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that were almost heaven;
'Tis where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon life's ocean.
Above me was the thunder's roar;
Beneath, the wave's commotion.
Thickly the pall of night was thrown
About me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour, how did my moan
Ascend for years of error.

Sinking, and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
I cried "O, Save me Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as thought I knew Him near;
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw His brightness 'round me shine
And shouted "Glory, Glory!"

O, sacred hour, O, hallowed spot,
Where love divine first found me—
Where 'ere shall be my distant lot,
My heart shall linger 'round thee.
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
To where I was first forgiven.

—Rev. James. Sansom.

Pennsylvania, State O'Mine

A Song

There's a spot dear to me that's enshrined in my heart
Like a haven of rest from the world far apart;
'Twas the scene of the birth of my parents, who lie
Sleeping peacefully there 'neath the blue of the sky.

Chorus

Pennsylvania, I love thee!
Keystone state of liberty!
Millions love thy vales and hills,
Woodlands, meadows, streams and rills.
Hail the grandeur of thy name!
Hail the glory of thy fame!
Life and love 'round thee entwine,
Pennsylvania, State o'mine.

It was there that I first saw the sweet dawn of day;
There my dear, sainted mother first taught me to pray.
Every song in my soul thou hast given to me,
And each throb of my heart pays fond homage to thee.

Shining Eyes

A Song

Written for my granddaughter

Pauline Arthea Faulkner

In a virgin forest dell, where a laughing streamlet flows,
Where the wildwood blossoms dwell and the gentle zephyr blows;
In a wigwam 'neath the trees, where the flowers never fade,
In a spot no paleface sees, lives my little Indian Maid.

Chorus

As the night-birds softly call, sweetly as the by-lo-bye's,
Softly as the moon beams fall, gentle as the lullabys,
Whispering to me of all love's divine and tender ties,—
Then I hear your dear voice call—calling, calling, Shining Eyes!

Summer day and sun kissed sky, music of the birds and bees,
Flitting of the butterfly, sighing of the gentle breeze;
Love-lit eyes that shine for me, voice so soft and heart so true,
Queen of all the forest free, Shining Eyes I love but you.

CHAPTER VI

January 9, 1908, The Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America, of which I was president, was dissolved by a decision of Judge Phillips in the Common Pleas Court, Cuyahoga County, Cleveland, Ohio, as being "in restraint of trade" and "opposed to public policy." The suit was brought by enemies of the organization under the "Valentine Act" of the State of Ohio.

Immediately following the decision of the court I called a meeting of the old officers, and some of the members who happened to be in the city, and formed a new temporary organization known as the National Window Glass Workers. I was elected president of the temporary organization. Here occurred one of the most remarkable feats recorded in the history of organized labor.

Anticipating the dissolution of the "Amalgamated," which would mean the entire loss of the funds at our command, I had previously cabled Edmond Gilles, President of the Belgian Window Glass Workers' Association, Lodelinsart, Belgium, for financial assistance. He immediately responded by cabling \$6,000 which was deposited to my credit in The Bank of Commerce, National Association, Cleveland, Ohio.

In twenty-four hours after the temporary organization was effected I had twenty-eight officers and members on the road, and in the remarkably short time of eight days it was completed, embracing every local lodge and member formerly attached to the old organization from Wilmington, Del., to Stockton, Cal. The temporary organization was then made permanent by a vote of its members, who also indorsed the election of all temporary officers. At the following annual election of officers I was again elected president by a referendum vote of the members, my term of office expiring July 6, 1909, at which time I severed my official connection with the organization.

Owing to changes in our laws and the dissolution of the "Amalgamated," I had been elected President seven times in five years, twice by the executive board, twice by a referendum vote of the members, and three times by the delegates in annual convention assembled, without opposition on one occasion, retiring undefeated against the will, but with the best wishes, of a majority of the members, all of whom I had faithfully served to the best of my ability, giving to their cause five of the best years of my life.

In the month of July, 1908, I was selected to represent, as its president, The National Window Glass Workers of America, at the International Glass Workers' Convention of the World, held at Paris, France, beginning August 28, 1908.

To fully describe my experiences and sensations during my European trip would require more time and space than is necessary, and for that reason I shall confine myself to a brief mention of the most notable places visited, sights seen and experiences encountered during this most delightful journey.

In company with Secretary C. L. Tarr, I sailed from New York for Liverpool, England, Wednesday, August 12, on the Cunard Line S S "Mauretania," arriving at Liverpool after a most delightful voyage, Tuesday, August 18. We arrived in London the following day, visiting the Franco-British Exposition that afternoon. Leaving London August 21, we went to Paris, via New Haven and Dieppe, arriving there at 7:00 P. M., where we remained sight seeing until Sunday, August 23, when we left for Charleroi, Belgium, thence to Lodelinsart where we were the guests of Mr. Edmond Gilles, President of the Belgian Glass Workers' Association. From there we went to Brussels, visiting the principal points of interest in the Belgian capital, where "There was a sound of revelry by night and Belgium's capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry," including Leopold's Monument, the Palace of Justice, L'Eglise Ste. Guidule, and the Collone du Congress. We spent an afternoon viewing the historical battle-field at "Waterloo" where stands the great "Lion's Head" which symbolizes the fall of Napoleon, and also marks the end of French aggrandizement.

From Brussels we returned to Paris where we remained several days viewing the fascinating sights in that beautiful, gay metropolis. We visited the Eiffel Tower twice, ascending to the top of that thousand-foot steel structure on each occasion, where with the aid of powerful binoculars, we were enabled to enjoy a magnificent view of the city as it lay spread beneath us in all its grandeur, the most beautiful city in all the world. We visited Notre Dame, the Palace of Justice, the Louvre, Palace Bastille, the River Seine, Champs-Elysees and other points of interest. At the "Les Invalides" I saw the most sublimely beautiful sight my eyes had ever beheld, the sepulcher and surroundings of the last resting place of France's greatest soldier and emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Returning to London via Calais and Dover, September 1, we crossed the English Channel in a terrific storm, arriving in London at 12:30 A. M., September 2. Here we visited London Tower and viewed the wonderful historical sights, including the magnificent

crown jewels of England. Taxi cabs and rubber wagons carried us all over dear "ol' Lunnnon," the largest city in the world, seeing the sights along the Thames, London Bridge, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Regent Street, Fleet Street, Hyde Park, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, Trafalgar Square, British Museum, The Strand, Cheapside, and numerous other points of interest in that great city.

We left London September 3, leaving from King's Cross Station at 9:30 A. M. on the Great Northern Express, arriving at Edinburgh, Scotland, at 6:30 P. M. On this trip, along the east coast of Scotland, we viewed the most delightful scenery of the entire journey. I was now in the land of my ancestors, the first one of the name who had visited there since the migration of our forefathers from Scotland and Ireland more than a century before, and my thoughts frequently reverted to them as in fancy I could see them, honest, God fearing people, tilling the soil for their daily bread, building for the coming generations yet unborn.

My heart seemed to uncannily yearn for those whom I had never seen, who once had lived and trod the good old Scotch and Irish soil. I realized then how small is a human life, and how short the span of years from generation to generation, as compared with the everlasting works of the Creator. In Scotland we visited many notable places of interest, including the Scottish National Exposition, saw Edinburgh Castle, Sir Walter Scott's Tomb, the great Firth of Forth Bridge, Tron Church where "Annie Laurie" was married, St. Giles' Church, Holyroad Palace, etc. We left Edinburgh, going via Glasgow across the Irish Sea, to the Emerald Isle, arriving at Belfast, Ireland, September 5, at 11:30 P. M., visited City Hall, Queen's Bridge and Castle Place, remaining there until the following day, when we went by train to Dublin, arriving there at 6:00 P. M. In Dublin we spent three days sight seeing, visiting Dublin Castle, the Bark of Ireland, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College and the National Library.

From Dublin we went to Killarney, "The beautiful Lakes Killarney," thence to Cork, arriving there September 8, at 2:00 P. M. Visiting Blarney Castle, we climbed to its highest ledge and viewed the Irish landscape o'er. I assisted in lowering others, including Mr. Tarr, down head first to kiss the "Blarney Stone," but I positively refused, as I then stated it "To kiss an uncleansed stone that a million red mouthed Irish had slobbered over for six hundred years." I meant no disrespect to my ancestors, but was strongly opposed to the foolish old custom of kissing the Blarney Stone.

We spent several days in Cork and saw many interesting sights in this old city. Among them the Church of St. Anne, where we listened to "The bells of Shandon, which sound so grand on the River

Lee," St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Patrick's Bridge, St. Finbarr's Castle, and viewed the sights along the beautiful River Lee.

We left Cork September 12 for Queenstown, there to await the arrival of the steamer homeward bound. During our journey through Ireland, I had been impressed by the number of soldiers, priests and poor people. Everywhere were the evidences of sleek priests, lazy, pompous soldiers, and poverty stricken humanity. Situated on the highest hill overlooking the beautiful harbor at Queenstown, stands the magnificent St. Colman's Cathedral, costing millions of dollars. Just after daybreak of the morning we sailed for New York, on the single lengthwise street of Queenstown, in the very shadow of this great costly cathedral, I was accosted by an aged, barefoot, bare-headed, rag-clad woman, weakened by hunger, shivering in the cold frosty morning, for "Only a penny to buy a cup of hot tea." All of my being was aroused in sympathy for the landlord-oppressed, over-taxed, underfed and half-clad, soldier-menaced, priest-ridden Irish peasantry. I said to Mr. Tarr, just what was in my heart, "Over the entrance to yon magnificent structure, should be placed this inscription, 'Erected from the proceeds of honest Irish toil, dishonestly collected.'" Poor old Ireland! Yet poorer still the Irish peasantry, mill and factory workers, fishermen and all who toil for an honest living. But despite their poverty, which is not so evident to them, perhaps, as to the observing visitor, they are apparently happy, good natured people; lightning witted, quick to resent an injury or to appreciate a kindness; always ready for work, frolic or fight, they are keenly alive, a good, true, tender hearted people whose past and present privations and errors may rightly be attributed to ignorance through lack of educational advantages and a surfeit of priestly misguidance. Not that I would criticize their form of religion, but the manner of its inculcation among the poorly enlightened masses of the people invites the honest criticism of the observer who is not too religiously set in his beliefs to have at heart the best interests of his fellow men. Whether they be Protestant or Catholic, greater educational advantages, more welfare work, better opportunity to advance their material uplift and happiness would be more conducive to their physical and mental development than the present too apparent restrictions which are thrown around them by the present day religious endeavors.

Hallowe'en

(Nineteen-Nineteen)

'Twas a Hallowe'en party and, begorra, McCarty,
'Twas the dryest old layout that ever I've seen!
Not a drop of the crayther to boost the palaver,
Not a gossoon or colleen could honor the green.

There was music and dancin', cavortin' and prancin',
Around and around in the shimmerin' sheen.
I eyed some of 'em sparkin', and some were skylarkin',
Around wid their sweethearts outside on the green.

As I peeked through the windy, right into the shindy—
It made me two eyes wape to see it, be gob—
Not a ghost there was walkin', not one of 'em stalkin',
Nary witch, nor a kittle, was there on the job.

Faith, I never was thinkin' of a party where drinkin',
Tobacco, shillalah's and fightin' was barred
On a night when the goblin was due to be hobblin',
And that's why, McCarty, I'm wooin' the bard.

CHAPTER VII

We left Queenstown for New York on the SS. "Mauretania" on Sunday, September 13, 1908, on her thirteenth voyage across the Atlantic. Rough weather was experienced almost from the time we left the beautiful harbor at Queenstown, but nothing of particular note occurred until the 17th instant, when we ran into a West India hurricane about 9:00 A. M.

On that day at noon the velocity of the wind was recorded at one hundred and two miles an hour. The magnificence of that storm was simply indescribable. The roaring of the wind, the hills of wild water, rearing their mighty crests higher than the ship's masts, was terrifying. The ocean appeared as a boiling cauldron. Mighty waves rushing together, throwing great columns of water more than a hundred feet toward the flying clouds, could be seen, when anything could be seen at all for the flying scud. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

The sickening roll of the steamer, the largest boat afloat, was terrifying to the timid passengers, and of much concern to the more experienced voyagers and crew alike.

We were racing along with the wind, under full headway, at a tremendous speed, far ahead of the schedule and due to break the trans-Atlantic record from Queenstown to New York, when the unexpected happened.

At 12:10 P. M., just after the first call had sounded for dinner, when about three hundred and fifty miles off Sandy Hook, the ship sustained a violent shock, staggered and trembled as if she had struck a submerged rock or had collided with some passing vessel. Following the shock a great vibration ensued throughout the boat, adding to the confusion and terror among the passengers, which for a time threatened to culminate in a panic on board.

When a semblance of order was finally restored, we were informed that one of the high speed propeller shafts had suddenly snapped, causing the loss of the propeller, and that the great vibration was caused by the racing of the big turbine engine driving that propeller, which was one of four used in driving the great ship, each engine driving a separate propeller.

The engines were stopped while the engine room was being cleared of the wreckage of the big engine, the boat losing steering headway and bringing up broadside to wind and wave in what has passed into history as the worst storm known on the North Atlantic in thirty-seven years.

I have witnessed the vicious, terrifying electric storms peculiar to the North American continent; I have seen the deadly cyclone in its fury, but in the twenty minutes that the "Mauretania" drifted in that fearful hurricane, my eyes beheld such a battle between wind and wave and ship, that paled my wildest youthful nightmares into insignificance. It was the experience of a lifetime, never to be forgotten, and which I hope I shall never again be compelled to endure.

It developed that the huge propeller had crashed into the stern of the ship, making a great jagged hole in the steel plates of her hull below the water line, also that the great vibration following the accident had opened many riveted seams in the steel plated hull, and that the ship was leaking badly.

The wreckage in the engine room was finally cleared away, the engines and pumps were started, and the ship crawled into port at New York forty-eight hours later, reaching her dock at noon, September 19, much to the relief of the scared, nerve-racked passengers.

That the ship was badly injured was evidenced by the fact that she returned to Europe, without passengers or mail, and was in the dry dock at Clyde for four months undergoing repairs.

I arrived home, Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, September 20, having in seven weeks completed a journey of more than eleven thousand miles.

In November, 1908, I appeared before the United States Ways and Means Committee at Washington, D. C., on behalf of the Window Glass Workers of America, favoring the retaining of the tariff on window glass, submitting a brief setting forth our claim, and was subjected to a two-hour examination by the members of that committee. I was successful in having the new schedule reported in favor of my contention, and upon the passage of the bill, the tariff on window glass was maintained to the entire satisfaction of my constituency.

Having become politically active during the years 1907-08, I presided as chairman of a political meeting November 2, 1908, held at Central Armory, Cleveland, Ohio, and introduced Judge William Howard Taft, Republican candidate for President of the United States.

That gathering, numbering more than fourteen thousand people, was the largest audience I had ever faced, and the only occasion during the campaign upon which a labor leader was selected to introduce "the next President."

November 24, 1908, by invitation of President Roosevelt, I had the pleasure of attending a labor dinner at the White House, Washington, D. C., at which were present the President, Mr. Justice Holmes,

Mr. Justice Moody, Major General Leonard Wood, commanding U. S. Army; several members of the President's cabinet, including James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior; Gifford Pinchot, Bureau of Forestry; T. V. Powderly, Chief of the Bureau of Information, and former General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, and several labor leaders of national reputation.

The dinner was a very formal affair. At the conference which followed in the famous red room, a long, informal discussion ensued which had to do with the needs of labor and future congressional legislation to benefit the workers.

In a conference with President-elect Taft in New York City, December 16, 1908, it was decided, in view of a federal appointment which would be tendered me, that I was not to become a candidate for re-election as president of the National Window Glass Workers. I was appointed Immigration Inspector (Section 24) July 11, 1909, but owing mainly to the state of my health, I did not accept the appointment. March 29, 1910, the appointment was again tendered me, when I accepted and was sworn in the U. S. Immigration Service at Washington, D. C., to operate in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, and immediately assumed the duties of that office.

From March, 1910, to April, 1914, I was engaged exclusively upon the duties pertaining to that office, specializing upon the enforcement of the alien contract labor law under what is known as "Section 24" of the U. S. Immigration Laws.

In April, 1914, I was appointed by Hon. W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, as U. S. Commissioner of Conciliation, under the act of Congress passed March 4, 1913, to act as a mediator between employers and employees in the prevention and adjustment of strikes and labor controversies.

In this position I was attached to the Division of Conciliation, Department of Labor, under the direct supervision of the Secretary of Labor, with my office at 416 Federal Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Subject to the call of the Secretary, my territory extended from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi River. This work was very strenuous, especially during the period of the great European war, into which the United States was finally drawn, as it was very essential that all labor be kept continuously employed at top speed in the fight for the freedom of nations and the perpetuation of civilization throughout the world.

In connection with my duties as president of the Window Glass Workers' Association, and as a Government official, it has been my fortune to have traveled in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania,

New Jersey, New York, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Delaware, Maryland, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Maine, Vermont, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, District of Columbia and the Dominion of Canada; also in England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Belgium.

The first break in our little home circle occurred September 24, 1910, by the marriage of our only son, Paul, to Miss Grace Blanche Barnes of Los Angeles, Cal. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles B. Hinckley, 1502 Spring Road, Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. C. E. Manchester officiating.

Although we gained a daughter at the time, and have since been blessed with two granddaughters, life has never seemed the same to me.

I was brought face to face with the evidence of the existence of the inexorable law of change in such manner that I suddenly seemed to age, and to anticipate and fear the probability of another loss which I felt must in due time be borne—the loss of our only daughter in a like manner.

Probably such thoughts are born of the native selfishness which is inherent in all humanity, and should not be entertained to such degree as might make for loneliness through a sense of personal loss. But human love must have expression either of loss or gain; where love is greatest, loss is correspondingly keenly felt, regretted and never entirely recovered from. Yet the happiness of my children is paramount in my life's desires, and those who bring about their greater happiness shall with them share my love and devotion.

While our children are few in number, yet we have reason to thank our Creator for the richness of his blessings. They are members of our church, followers of Jesus Christ toward the life eternal, and as I look back upon the happy years ago, the years of their childhood in which their future was molded, I have no cause for regret for the manner in which our parental care and direction was exercised, but joy and thankfulness for the guidance we had in our efforts to rightly bring our children through those years of our responsibility and care. Imperfect as we may ourselves have been, our love for our children has been dominant and supreme in our lives.

In September, 1916, Paul accepted a position in Detroit, Mich., which necessitated the removal of his family to that city.

On April 18, 1918, a great sorrow came upon us all; like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the blow crashed into our lives, leaving us bereft, stricken almost beyond human endurance. Late in the evening of that day, after a long and valiant struggle against the grim

messenger, Grace passed into the great beyond, leaving her two little girls to the care of her stricken husband and his people, who loved her and mourn her loss as of one of their very own. I can write but little of this mighty sorrow which entered our lives at that time; of our grief at her loss; the suffering of our son; the great loss of a mother's love and guidance to the children, one of whom was too young to remember her. I can only try to say with lips half dumb, "Thy will be done."

We laid her away in the family lot in Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio. As we take up the burden of love in the care of the little ones, we feel that she is very near us, and that in due time we will again all enjoy her sweet companionship in the life to come where partings and sorrows enter not.

On a beautiful sloping knoll, just below and almost within the shadow of the great Garfield monument, where lies interred our ex-President, James A. Garfield, high up, where upon a clear day the bosom of old Lake Erie unfolds to view, lies all that was mortal of our loved one, "sleeping peacefully there, 'neath the blue of the sky."

There, barring something unforeseen by human forethought, will eventually rest the earthly remains of the writer and all of his immediate family. After life's fitful journey is ended we will be laid side by side, there to await the fulfillment of the scriptures, the resurrection, and by the grace of God, through Christ, the life eternal.

The Great Beyond

"It seemeth just a little way to me,
Across to that strange country,
The Beyond:
For it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.

And so for me there is no sting to Death,
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
A little strip of sea,
To find one's loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before."

The Faulkner Family History

Paternal

CHAPTER VIII

From years of patient inquiry and research with reference to the early history of my paternal ancestry, I hereby submit the facts as gleaned from a variety of sources, as they appear to me after diligent effort to arrive at accurate conclusions by a process of comparison and elimination. While I do not absolutely vouch for the authenticity of these facts as presented here, at the same time I am morally certain that they are in the main correct, and may be relied upon and accepted as being substantially as stated.

Back in the days of William Penn, Charles Christopher Springer, accompanied by his two sisters, emigrated from Sweden to America. He took up his home near what is now the site of Wilmington, Del. He was a wealthy man, having large possessions in Sweden, and upon his arrival in America purchased a large tract of land from William Penn and became a cattle raiser upon a large scale. He was very successful and added largely to his fortune in that way. Finally, desiring to retire from active business, he leased for ninety-nine years the property acquired by him, upon which now stands the city of Wilmington, Del., and returned to Sweden, where he died.

Catherine Sinex, a descendant of one of the Springer sisters, became my grandmother by her marriage to my grandfather, William Faulkner. From that union was born my father, William Henry Faulkner.

During my childhood days I remember much talk being indulged in from time to time by members of our family with reference to a large fortune to which my father was entitled through his mother, who was one of the heirs to the Christopher Springer estate.

In the early seventies the Springer heirs, the descendants of the other Springer sister, who likely retained the family name through marriage, made attempt to induce my father to sign a document releasing his right and title to his interest in the estate. The lease, it seems, had long since expired and the Springer family were making an effort to secure all of the property. My father, having been advised

by my grandmother, refused to sign, but decided to visit the city of Wilmington for the purpose of examining the records of that county that he might be able to establish legal claim to his portion of the estate. He accordingly left Belleverson, Pa., by boat, intending to leave Pittsburgh, Pa., the following day for Wilmington, but upon arrival at Pittsburgh he received a telegram announcing the destruction by fire of the "Old Swedes Church" at Wilmington, which had been converted into a county court house, and wherein all of the old county records had been preserved. Thus all record of ownership and leasing of the Charles Christopher Springer estate was destroyed by fire.

Whether the fire was of incendiary origin is left to the opinion of those who were most vitally interested at the time. Personally, it is my belief that those who would most profit by the destruction of the records knew of my father's intended visit and purpose and were implicated in the destruction of the property.

The Springer heirs, offspring of the other Springer sister, formed an association for the purpose of establishing a legal claim to their portion of the estate, and for many years met in annual convention with that object in view, but without success. I am informed that the association is still in existence. By genealogical research that society clearly established relationship to Christopher Springer, but failed to establish legal proof of the existence at any time of a lease right to the estate. Failure to do so was no doubt due to the destruction of the records in the "Old Swedes Church" at Wilmington, Del.

The following is quoted from a report made by Genealogist Scribner, who while in the employ of the Springer heirs, made an exhaustive study and investigation pertaining to this matter, which was published in the New York "World" in 1907:

"Charles Christopher Springer, of Wilmington, Del., had holdings of his own, aside from his dealings as officer of the Old Swedes Church. I have copies of the whole history of the conveyance of the Old Swedes Church lands and of the original leases of that property by him as trustee with the wardens of the church.

"His sons and grandsons likewise had holdings, and gave leases to the city of Wilmington, which was then a borough town. There has never since been sold a building lot to anybody, because a clear title cannot be given, and even a lease there to-day is not valid or worth the paper it is written on.

"The city of Wilmington is anxious to effect a settlement, and the time is coming for some big surprises in this case. I am working steadily on the genealogical tree and expect before the summer is over to have a complete list of the heirs who have a right to participate in

the fortune. My proofs and discoveries are now in the hands of attorneys, and I am travelling many hundreds of miles to make the chain complete and to effect a solid organization all over the country.

Land Without a Clear Title

"In September a meeting of the American representatives will be held, and then with a united body we can advance and regain what is our own. I do not want any publicity at the present time because on the one hand it will warn the authorities of Wilmington that we are preparing to do battle with them, and on the other hand it will bring a flood of new claimants who are bogus."

Mr. Scribner, who is so energetically prosecuting the cause of the Springer heirs, is a determined little man with iron gray beard and hair and a clean cut mouth that gives evidence of his determined purpose. He is a carpet layer by trade, living in a modest little home on the outskirts of Amesbury, Mass.

In his possession is what purports to be a map of the city of Wilmington, on which is indicated the land alleged to have been leased to the city at various times by the Springer forbears. The property indicated lies in the heart of the business district, and undoubtedly is worth the \$120,000,000 claimed for it, whether the Springer claims are to be upheld or not.

The second most precious possession is a large facsimile of the Springer coat of arms, which Mr. Scribner, between his more strenuous work of establishing claims, is copying and distributing among the heirs, who, he says, have the royal blood of Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Henry the Fowler, Otho the Illustrious, "even the Tsar and Grand Duchess of Russia" in their veins. The coat of arms is the customary shield, divided into four sections on two of which appear the figures of the ibex. The whole is surmounted by a knight in armor, which he declares to be the figure of Sir Knight Waldenburg, another of the illustrious ancestors of the family.

The combination of the anticipation of a great fortune and the coat of arms, together with Mr. Scribner's great energy in working up the case, have already greatly interested the eight thousand heirs.

The tremendous value of the estate to which such vigorous claim is being laid, and which makes the contest unique almost in the annals of history, is solely due to the length of time which it has been unmolested and allowed to accumulate. The original founder of the Springer fortune was Carl Christopher Springer, a member of the Swedish colony of Wilmington and a trustee of the old Swedish Church. In his dual capacity he is supposed to have leased his prop-

erty and that of the church to the city, though on what terms or for what length of time is not known. His children did likewise, it is alleged.

Springer, after his return to Sweden, is supposed to have died, leaving a sum of money which has accumulated and increased till the total reaches the stupendous amount of \$80,000,000, while the value of the land lying in business Wilmington is now worth half again as much more."

For a number of years I gave considerable personal attention toward solving this important matter, and I am convinced that there is only the most remote hope, if any at all, of any of the rightful heirs ever receiving any portion of the property. Strong interests are opposed to a rightful distribution of the property and it is quite unlikely that these great antagonistic interests will ever relinquish their present holdings, no matter how they may have been acquired.

I regret that I am unable at this time to hand to my children a more clear history of this vanished inheritance. But when it is remembered that I was the youngest of a family of ten children, and that the matter had grown indistinct to all of the other children except as they might call upon half forgotten memories of facts that were always obscure to them, it will be easily understood what a great problem confronts me in this effort to faithfully chronicle even the above meagre facts in this connection. As a matter of fact this is only mentioned here so as in part to establish the identity of my paternal ancestry.

Grandfather Faulkner was of Irish parentage.

Grandmother Faulkner was of Scotch parentage.

It is said that Grandfather Faulkner was born on ship board en route from Ireland to America. I believe that to be true, and that he was born "A man without a country."

Maternal

John Burroughs, my great-great-grandfather, was a Quaker. He resided in Pennsylvania at the beginning of the war for Independence. He was a very wealthy man. His religion prevented him from fighting, but he outfitted a regiment of soldiers for the Continental army. He had two sons, Samuel and John. The former sided with the Tories and fought in the war for King George. He was captured by the Continentals, and his father spent a large part of his fortune to save his life. The other son, John, was a Whig, and because of that received his father's entire fortune.

Samuel Burroughs was my great-grandfather. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1741, where he married Deborah Johnson. Eight children were born of that union, Samuel, Caleb, John, Benjamin, Polly, Nancy, Bettie and Beulah, the last named being my mother's mother. My great-grandfather, Samuel Burroughs, died in Pennsylvania on the night of my mother's wedding, Dec. 28, 1835, at the ripe old age of ninety-four.

James Rankins, my grandfather, was born in Ireland in 1790. He emigrated from Ireland coming to America in 1805. For some reason never made known by him he adopted his mother's maiden name "Dunlap," and was thereafter known by that name. He served in the war of 1812 as a corporal of Captain Peter Hertzog's Company, the "Fayette Greens," Pennsylvania Militia. He died at St. Charles, Mo., in 1873 at the age of eighty-three. It is said that Grandfather Faulkner served in the same Company with Grandfather Dunlap, but if so he enlisted under an assumed name, as the records at Washington make no mention of his enlistment or service in the war.

Beulah Burroughs, my grandmother, was born in Pennsylvania and died at St. Charles, Mo. Date of birth and death unknown to me.

James Dunlap and Beulah Burroughs were married in Pennsylvania. Thirteen children were born of that union, Samuel B., Robert Rankins, Caleb B., Joseph R., George D., James, Mariah Ann ("Nancy"), my mother, Lizzie, Ursula, Beulah, Mary, Louisa and Lacy Jane. The last named was the last surviving member of the family. She died at St. Charles, Mo., in 1915, at the age of ninety years.

Grandfather Dunlap was of Irish parentage. Grandmother Dunlap was of Irish-English descent.

Life

Sometime, in the great game of life
A man endures a bitter strife
Between his reason and his heart,
Which makes of him a selfish part
Of his desires, his hopes and aims,
And all that his view-point proclaims
As his to hold and keep apart,
Most sacred in his inner heart.

The self within him rises strong—
He cares not for the right nor wrong—
He feels that his should be the say
Of what his life should be alway.
He fights the fight, but wins it not
According to the ways he sought.
He tastes defeat, and suffers keen,
Through friendly forces all unseen.

And then, as time wends on its way,
And he emerges from the fray
Scar-worn and weary—then he knows,
As onward on his way he goes,
That his was not the guiding hand
Which brought his bark safe to the land—
But that a higher, holier power
Had guided him through every hour.

As I am one who has risen from the ranks of the workingmen, I believe that no apology need be offered for the plain, terse manner in which events of my life and historical data are herein submitted.

Born in a small town, reared in the country, neither associations, environment or educational advantages were of the best, to say the least, with the exception of home teaching and influences with which I was blessedly surrounded during the most impressionable period of my life.

The first two years of my schooling was at Bellevernon, Pa. Six annual terms of five months each were added at Tremont School, a country school located in Washington Township, Fayette County, Pa.

At the age of fourteen my school days ended and the practical educational period began in earnest. At the age of fifteen I began work in a window glass factory; at sixteen I began my apprenticeship to learn the art of window glass gathering; at eighteen I was a gatherer; at twenty-five I became a blower; at forty I became president of the window glass workers' organization and at forty-five I entered the service of the United States Government, in which I am still engaged.

My purpose in writing this short autobiography, which was written from memory, without the aid of a diary or notes, except the records of family history, was not born of egotism, but through a desire to give to my children and their posterity a record of our family history, so far as I have been able to obtain it, together with such occurrences in my life as may be of interest to them now, or of possible value later on to them and theirs. With this concluding statement I humbly and devotedly submit to my beloved wife and children this little volume.

A. L. Faulkner

CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1919

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